

T W E L V E
F A V O U R I T E S O N G S,

WITH THEIR ORIGINAL MUSIC,

DONE INTO ENGLISH BY THE TRANSLATOR

OF

THE GERMAN ERATO, ETC.



BERLIN,

SOLD BY H. FRÖLICH; AND BY MESSIEURS BAUMGÄRTNERS, LEIPSIG.

1800.

TO THE PRINCESS OF WALES, THE FOLLOWING
ATTEMPT TO TRANSPLANT THE MUSIC AND POE-
TRY OF HER NATIVE COUNTRY INTO HIS OWN, IS
INSCRIBED WITH GREAT RESPECT, BY HER ROY-
AL HIGHNESS'S MOST OBEDIENT AND VERY HUM-
BLE SERVANT,

THE TRANSLATOR.

HYMN TO JOY.

A MASONIC SONG.

Anonymous.



Joy, from source ce - les - tial spring - ing, in - mate of E - li - sion



bow'r; touch'd by thee, with rapture glow - ing we in - voke thy heav'nly



pow'r. Ty - rant cus - tom's harsh dis - tinc - tions, sink be - fore thy just a - ward;



Beg - gars smile the peers of prin - ces, where thy ma - gic voice is heard.



I.

JOY, from sources celestial springing,
 Inmate of Elisian bow'rs;
 Touch'd by thee, with rapture glowing,
 We invoke thy heav'nly pow'r.
 Tyrant custom's harsh distinctions
 Sink before thy just award: —
 Beggars smile the peers of princes,
 Where thy magic voice is heard.

CHORUS.

Fellow myriads, far and near!
 Hail, and take the proffer'd hand!
 Sure a pow'r to mortals bland,
 Dwells above yon starry sphaera!

II.

He whom happier fortune favours,
 He who boasts a friend that's true; —
 He whom love's soft transport kindles; —
 Let him join the gladsome crew.
 But the wretch whose wayward fortunes,
 Love and friendship's boons restrain;
 Let him quit the joyous banquet; —
 Weeping quit the genial train!

CHOR.

Sacred pow'r of sympathy!
 All creation owns thy sway;
 To the brighter realms of day
 Thou shalt lift thy votary!

III.

All that breathes through varied nature
 Sips the nectar'd cup of Joy;
 Good and bad, with equal ardour,
 Fondly crowd her roseate way.
 Love, and wine, and friendship's treasure,
 Joy with lavish hand bestows:
 Joy the abject reptile gladdens, —
 While on high the seraph glows!

CHOR.

Mortal, own the deity;
 Own the pow'r of nature's lord.
 Let the rap'turous loud accord
 Reach the blissful seats on high!

IV.

Joy, unceasing source of motion,
 Animates the varied scene;
 Potent spring of wide creation,
 Joy impels the vast machine.
 Buds to flow'rs, her influence ripens,
 Suns, she draws from realms of day;
 Rolls the spheres through boundless ether,
 Far beyond the unbe's survey.

CHOR.

Joyous as the rolling sphere
 Wanders through æthereal space,
 Let us speed our mortal race;
 Gayly speed our short career!

V.

Smiling sweet in truth's bright mirror,
 Joy the searcher's toil requites;
 Joy, the prize of mild endurance,
 Leads to virtue's steepy heights.
 See, on faith's refulgent mountain,
 High aloft her banners wave.
 Joy pervades the choir of angels; —
 Joy shall reach the darksome grave.

CHOR.

Learn the ills of life to bear,
 Check the tear, and still the sigh;
 Heav'n rewards the victory,
 High above yon spangled sphere.

VI.

Nought requites indulgent heaven: —
 Let us emulate its care.
 Sons of poverty and sorrow,
 Haste and find a welcome here.
 Fell revenge and bitter rancour
 Shun the social gay retreat:
 Here, be ev'ry foe forgiven; —
 Pardon ev'ry wrong await!

CHOR.

Jars and broils, no more be heard!
 Peace her olive-wand displays.
 He, whose eye the globe surveys,
 Soon shall judge as we award!

VII.

Sparkling high in flowing glasses,
 Flights sublime shall joy inspire! —
 Cannibals inhale soft mercy;
 Wild despair, — heroic fire.
 Now the foaming goblet circles,
 Gayly quaff the gen'rous wine.
 Wine the gift of bounteous nature!
 Praise the pow'r that gave the vine!

CHOR.

He whose praise the tuneful spheres
 Chant in ceaseless harmony;
 He who dwells above the sky,
 Gave the vine to soothe our ears!

VIII.

Calmly bear the frowns of fortune;
 Soothe the heart oppress'd with woe;
 Sacred keep the plighted promise;
 True alike to friend and foe.
 Manly pride display to princes;
 Give to modest worth its due;
 Cherish truth and all its votaries;
 Deprecate the perjurd crew.

CHOR.

Closer knit our holy bands;
 Low at truth's bright altar bow.
 Swear to keep the plighted vow;
 Swear by him who all commands!

IX.

Wide may sacred freedom triumph! —
 E'en may pity vice await; —
 Hope attend life's latest glimmer; —
 Mercy ward the felon's fate.
 Lo, the shrowded dead shall quicken!
 Morals, list, and heav'n adore.
 Ev'ry crime shall be forgiven;
 Death and hell shall be no more!

CHOR.

Peace at life's departing scene;
 Soft repose beneath the tomb: —
 Looks benign and gracious doom,
 From the awful judge of men!

S O N G.

*Adagio e con espressione.**Starbel.*

Whene'er at day - light's part - ing gleam,

p

A smi - ling form sa - lutes my love, and loi - ters

near the murm'ring stream, and glides be - neath the

con - scious grove; and glides be - neath the con - scious

grove; ah, then thy Da - mon's spi - rit see: -

soft joy and peace it brings to thee. ah, then thy Da - mon's

B



I.
 Whene'er at daylight's parting gleam,
 A smiling form salutes my love,
 And loiters near the morn'ring stream,
 And glides beneath the conscious grove;
 Ah! then thy Damon's love: — *spirit*
 Soft joy and peace it brings to thee.

II.
 And when at moonlight's sober ray
 Thou dream'st perchance of love and me,
 As through the pines the breezes play,
 And whisper dying melody, —
 When tender bodings prompt the sigh: —
 Thy Damon's spirit hovers nigh.

III.
 When o'er thy mind soft musings steal,
 As thou the pleasing past hast scan'd;
 Shouldst thou a gentle picture feel,
 Like Zephyr's kiss, o'er lip and hand; —
 And should the glimmering taper fade; —
 Then near thee bides thy lover's shade.

IV.
 And when at midnight's solemn tide,
 As soft the rolling planets shine;
 Like Zodi's harp, thy couch beside,
 Thou hear'st the world, "forever shine!"
 Then slumber sweet, my spirit's there,
 And peace and joy it brings my fair!

DITHYRAMBUS.

*Fivace.**Reichardt.*

I.

Haste the joys of life to share;
 Seize the moments as they fly.
 Soon shall close the scene so fair: —
 Soon we droop, and fade, and die!

III.

Wine, the balm kind nature pours,
 Rosy health and bloom supplies.
 Crown the bowl with fairest flow'rs;
 Drink — and glee at bottom lies.

II.

Laugh at physic's pert grimace;
 Shun the water-drinking train: —
 Wine that soothes the soul's disease,
 Soothes alike the body's pain.

IV.

Now his rites let Bacchus claim,
 Let his fragrant altars burn: —
 Soon shall Love the breast inflame.
 Love shall triumph in his turn!

FANNY'S WORTH.

*Amoroso.**Pleyel.*

Could Fan - ny's charms be bar - ter'd, for gold and je - wels

The first system of musical notation for the song 'Fanny's Worth'. It consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, a quarter note C5, and a quarter note B4. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with eighth notes. The lyrics 'Could Fan - ny's charms be bar - ter'd, for gold and je - wels' are written below the treble staff.

rare, and had I count-ess trea - sures, I'd give them all for

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, a quarter note C5, and a quarter note B4. The bass staff continues with eighth notes. The lyrics 'rare, and had I count-ess trea - sures, I'd give them all for' are written below the treble staff.

her. Let him whom wealth en - amours, still wear its sor - did

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, a quarter note C5, and a quarter note B4. The bass staff continues with eighth notes. The lyrics 'her. Let him whom wealth en - amours, still wear its sor - did' are written below the treble staff.

chain; a - las, with-out dear Fan - ny, to me all

The fourth system of musical notation. The melody continues with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, a quarter note C5, and a quarter note B4. The bass staff continues with eighth notes. The lyrics 'chain; a - las, with-out dear Fan - ny, to me all' are written below the treble staff.



I.

COULD Fanny's charms be barter'd,
 For gold and jewels rare; —
 And had I countless treasures,
 I'd give them all for her! —
 Let him whom wealth ensnares,
 Still wear its sordid chain;
 Alas, without dear Fanny,
 To me all wealth were vain!

II.

If Europe's ample regions
 My potent sway should own;
 And could I Fanny purchase,
 I'd gladly yield my crown.
 For city, throne, and palace,
 And wide-extended mead,
 I'd take my blooming Fanny.
 Were all I own'd a shed.

III.

Tho' fate alone determines,
 How long we loiter here;
 Yet could I wing the minutes,
 And speed their swift career;
 Whole years, I swear, should vanish,
 For hours, were she my own; —
 For hours, and dearest Fanny,
 But mine, and mine alone!

SONG.

*Allegro.**Mozart.*

Loze, from those bright eyes im - part - ing, soft de - sire and an'rous

care, through my breast his ar - rows dar - ting, lives and

reigns a ty - rant there. On thy cheek with blush - es glow - ing, when I

print the ea - ger life, heart and soul with

joy o'er - flo - wing, scarce can bear the thrill - ling bliss, the thrill - ling

bliss, the thrill - ling bliss! Dear - est mai - den whilst I hold thee,

'gainst my pant - ing flut'ring heart;— whilst my tremb - ling arms en -
 fold thee, madd' - ning madd' - ning bliss thy
 charms im - part. But too soon my ra - vish'd sen - ses, sink be-

neath oppressive joy, sink be - neath op - pres - sive joy. Life and

death thy smile dis - pen-ses, dis - pen-ses, dis - pen-ses; blife and

pain a - like de - stroy. dis - pen-ses, dis - pen-ses, dis - pen-ses;

c

bliss and pain a - like de - stroy, bliss and pain a - like de -

stroy, bliss and pain a - like de - stroy, a - like de - stroy, a -

like de - stroy.

LOVE, from those bright eyes imparting
 Soft desire and am'rous care;
 Through my breast his arrows darting,
 Lives and reigns a tyrant there.
 On thy cheek with blushes glowing,
 When I print the eager kiss;
 Heart and soul with joy o'erflowing,
 Scarce can bear the thrilling bliss!
 Dearest maiden! whilst I hold thee,
 'Gainst my panting fluttering heart;
 Whilst my trembling arms enfold thee,
 Mad'ning bliss thy charms impart!
 But too soon my ravish'd senses,
 Sink beneath oppressive joy:
 Life and death thy smile dispenses!
 Bliss and pain alike destroy!

S O N G.

*Andante.**Reichardt.*

Ah, how sweetly love steals the soul a - way. Envied joys we prove, 'neath its

gentle sway. Swift the moments haste; pleasure wings their way. Years so sweetly

CHOR.

pass'd, seem but one short day. Ah, how sweetly love steals the soul a - way!

I.

AH, how sweetly love
Steals the soul away.
Envied joys we prove,
'Neath its gentle sway.
Swift the moments haste;
Pleasure wings their way.
Years so sweetly pass'd,
Seem but one short day.
Ah, how sweetly love
Steals the soul away!

II.

Ah, how sweetly love
Steals the soul away!
Light our labours prove,
While it gilds the day.
Duty grows a charm;
Smooth, life's rugged way.
Love's kind beams can warm
Winter's chilliest day.
Ah, how sweetly love
Steals the soul away!

S O N G.

Schultz.

Sweetly blooms the op'n-ing rose, Spring's gay prime a - dorn-

ing; When un - pluckt and free it grows, bath'd with dew of

morn - ing. But the blush on Lau-ra's cheek, sweet-er

wonder rai - ses. Haunts of love her dimples slack; Hap - py,



I.

SWEETLY blooms the op'ning rose,
 Spring's gay prime adorning,
 When unplucked and free it grows,
 Bath'd with dew of morning.
 But the blush on Laura's cheek,
 Sweeter wonder raises;
 Haunts of Love, her dimples sleek;
 Happy he who gazes!

II.

Softly Zephyr bends the spray,
 Fragrance softly showers; —
 Wasting all the sweets of May,
 Stole from new - born flowers.
 But her accents softer fall;
 (Nameless grace endears them:)
 Rndest hearts their sounds entral;
 Happy he who hears them!

VERNAL LOVE.

*Andante.**Schultz.*

The lark was up, so - nee the day, the mead in ver - nal

beau - ty gay; the swel - ling buds the trees o'er - spread, the dai - sy re - veal'd its

mo - dest head. I rov'd the lake's green mar - gin round, where late the snow had

Andantino.

chill'd the ground, and many a new - born vi - let found. On Fan - sy's



I.

THE lark was up, serene the day,
The mead in vernal beauty gay;
The swelling buds the trees o'erspread,
The daisy rear'd its modest head.
I rovd the lake's green margin round,
Where late the snow had chill'd the ground,
And many a new-born vi'let found.

On Fanny's breast the flow'rs were laid;
A smile my tender care repaid.

II.

Now here, now there, a shrub was seen,
That mark'd the grove with early green.
The streamlet, murmur'ing down the glade,
Ranew'd the cresset's deepen'd shade.
The mossy bank invites repose:
We sat, and caught each melting close
Of hapless Philomela's woes.

A simple wreath, her brows to bind,
Of varied moss my fair entwinn'd.

III.

Then careless, hand in hand, we stray'd,
Till ev'ning cast a lengthen'd shade.
Sweet odours fill'd the breezy air,
As bloom'd the primrose fresh and fair.
Deep blush'd the sky at daylight's close,
The lake with streaming purple glows,
And bright the full-orb'd moon arose.

The falt'ring step, the heaving breast,
My Fanny's silent joy confess'd.

IV.

Her crimson'd cheek and loose attire,
The soft alarms of love inspire.
Again we sat, and, all reclin'd,
Inhal'd the blossom-scented wind:
Nor ought I spoke, nor ought she said;
My trembling frame, my tears, betray'd
The empire of the pettish maid.

But, ah! what transports seiz'd my soul,
The first dear kiss I softly stole!

INVITATION TO JOY.

Say, who would mope in joy - less plight, while youth and spring be-

deck the scene, and scorn the prof - fer'd gay de - light, with thankful

heart and frown - ing mien? See joy with cheeks and smiles ap - pear,

while ro - ses strew the de - vious way; the least of life she bids us

where, where'er our pil - grim foot - steps stray. this feast of life she
bids us share, where'er our pil - grim foot - steps stray.

I.

SAY, who would mope in joyless plight,
While youth and spring bedeck the scene;
And scorn the proffer'd gay delight,
With thankless heart and frowning mien?
See Joy with beck and smiles appear,
While roses strew the devious way;
The feast of life she bids us share,
Where'er our pilgrim footsteps stray.

II.

And still the grove is cool and green,
And clear the bubbling fountain flows;
Still shines the night's resplendent queen,
As erst in Paradise she rose:
The grapes their purple nectar pour,
To lull the heart that grief oppresses;
And still the lonely ev'ning-bow'r
Invites and screens the stolen kiss.

III.

Still Philomela's melting strain,
Responsive to the dying gale,
Beguiles the bosom's throbbing pain,
And sweetly charms the list'ning vale!
Creation's scene expanded lies: —
Blest scene! how wondrous bright and fair!
Till Death's cold hand shall close my eyes,
Let me the lavish'd bounties share!

S O N G.

Umlauf.

To Stephen in a dream, a gray-hair'd spec - tra

p *sf.* *p* *pp.* *sf.* *p*

cries; "For thee, a-down the stream, a hid - den trea - sure lies. Then

sf. *p* *sf.* *p*

haste at mid-night's gloom, where 'loud the tor - rent flows; 'Tis there I nightly

sf. *p* *crescendo.* *f*

roam: my ghost finds no re - pose. my ghost finds no re - pose."

sf. *p* *sf.* *f*



I.

TO Stephen in a dream,
A gray-hair'd spectre cries;
"For thee adown the stream,
"A hidden treasure lies,
"Then haste at midnight's gloom,
"Where 'tend the torrent flows;
"Tis there I nightly roam;
"My ghost haunts no repose."

II.

His mate cries, "Haste, my dear,
"O haste adown the stream;
"The howling winds I hear;
"Tis sure no idle dream."
He hies the wealth to spy,
The gloomy tempests low'r;
From tombs the spectres cry,
The screech-owl from the tow'r.

III.

Adown the brook he stole,
The restless spirit was there: —
It seiz'd him by the poll;
He quak'd and shook with fear.
And lo, to deck his pate,
Two spreading snailers rise: —
He sees his wayward fate,
Then homeward sneaking hies!

S O N G.

*Allegro.**Hiller.*

All be - reft of love and wine, joy - less hours be - tide us:
Wealth and pow'r in vain com - bine, were they once de - nied us.

What can wealth and pow'r sup - ply? what Gol - con - da's trea - sures?

CHOR.

Vain were all, if fate de - ny, Love and drink - ing plea - sures.

I.

ALL bereft of love and wine,
Joyless hours beside us;
Wealth and pow'r in vain combine,
Were they once denied us.
What can wealth and pow'r supply?
What Golconda's treasures?
Vain were all, if fate deny,
Love and drinking pleasures.

II.

When the toils of war are o'er,
Love's the hero's duty.
Choicest gifts of fortune's store,
Wine and smiling beauty!
Sober mortals, cease to rail:
All your tales are musty.
Not — the ills of life prevail,
Only when we're thirsty!

S O N G.

*Andante.**Reichardt.*

Thy i - mage, dear - est maid, my va - wish'd eyes still see; and

ma - ny a tear they shed, A - las, that 'tis not thee! When ev'n - ing's

shades pre - vail, and Cyn - tia decks the sky, I

fond - ly sigh and wail; — in vain I wail and sigh! By

Vivace.

yon - der myr - tle bow'r, where blooms her des - tin'd wretch; By

ev - ry beauteous flow'r, that adds its fra - grant breath; dear form, no

more, no more de - ceive, the guile - ful task for - bear; — O

change, and bid me live; ah! let her - self be there! O



I.

THY image, dearest maid,
My revish'd eyes still see;
And many a tear they shed,
Alas! that 'tis not thee!
When ev'ning's shades prevail,
And Cynthia decks the sky,
I fondly sigh and wail; —
In vain I wail and sigh!

II.

By yonder myrtle bow'r
Where blooms her destin'd wreath;
By ev'ry beauteous flow'r,
That adds its fragrant breath;
Dear form, no more deceive!
The guileful task forbear;
O change, and bid me live; —
Ah! let herself be there!

I N D E X.

Joy, from source celestial springing,	(Freude, schöner Götterfunken)	Schiller,	IV.
Whene'er at daylight's parting gleam,	(Wenn in des Abends letztem etc.)	Matthiesson.	VIII.
Haste the joys of life to share,	(Freund! versäume nicht zu leben!)	Kleist.	XI.
Could Fanny's charms be barter'd,	(Ach, könnte ich Mölly kaufen)	Bürger.	XII.
Love, from those bright eyes imparting,	(Wenn die Lieb' aus ihren etc.)		XIV.
Ah! how sweetly love	(Ach, was ist die Liebe,)	Götter.	XIX.
Sweetly blooms the op'ning rose,	(Schön sind Rosen und Jasmin,)	Weisse.	XX.
The lark was up, serene the day,	(Die Lerche sang, die Sonne schien)	Vols.	XXII.
Say, who would mope in joyless plight,	(Wer wollte sich mit Grillen etc.)	Hölty.	XXIV.
To Stephen in a dream,	(Zu Steffen sprach im Traume)		XXVI.
All bereft of love and wine,	(Ohne Lieb' und ohne Wein)	Weisse.	XXVIII.
Thy image, dearest maid,	(Dein süßes Bild, o Lyda!)	Klopstock.	XXIX.

PRINTED BY G. F. STARCKE, BERLIN.

LATELY PUBLISHED;
AND SOLD BY H. FRÖLICH, BERLIN, AND MESSIEURS BAUMGÄRTNERS, LEIPSIK.

THE GERMAN ERATO,
OR
A COLLECTION OF FAVOURITE AIRS, TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH, WITH THEIR
ORIGINAL MUSIC.
THE THIRD EDITION.

THE GERMAN SONGSTER,
OR
A COLLECTION OF FAVOURITE AIRS, WITH THEIR ORIGINAL MUSIC, DONE INTO
ENGLISH BY THE TRANSLATOR OF THE GERMAN ERATO.
THE SECOND EDITION.

NOW IN THE PRESS, AND TO BE SOLD AS ABOVE,
A COLLECTION OF
GERMAN BALLADS AND SONGS,
WITH THEIR ORIGINAL MUSIC, DONE INTO ENGLISH BY THE TRANSLATOR OF THE
GERMAN ERATO, ETC.
THE SECOND EDITION.

LEONORA,
A BALLAD, FROM THE GERMAN OF BÜRGER, TRANSLATED BY THE AUTHOR OF
THE GERMAN ERATO, ETC. AND SET TO MUSIC BY J. F. REICHARDT.

AND LIKEWISE, IN A NEAT POCKET VOLUME,
TRANSLATIONS OF GERMAN POEMS,
FROM THE MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS OF THE AUTHOR OF THE GERMAN ERATO,
ETC. TO WHICH ARE ADDED SOME NEW PIECES BY THE SAME HAND.
